MUD BATHS FOR EVERYONE

STORY AND PICTURES BY DENYS CAZET

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Willowisp Press

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Summary: When three little pigs are frightened by Booble Bigpig, they seek revenge disguised as a butcher.
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Early one morning, Walter discovered a new mud hole.

"What a wonderful surprise!" he said to himself.

Walter snuggled into the warm mucky middle and let the sun shine on his little piggy face.

He closed his eyes and thought snoozy thoughts.

"Ahhh . . ." sighed Walter. "The world is muddy, muddy glorious."

"Glorious goo!" someone shouted.

It was Grunt, with his little sister Sweetpig.

"Come on in," Walter said. "The mud is perfect!"

"Hooray!" cheered Grunt and Sweetpig. "Mud baths for everyone!"

Walter's two friends jumped into the mud and let the noon sun shine on their piggy faces.

Sweetpig tugged on Walter's arm. "Walter, where do bad pigs go?"

"Down there," said Walter.

"How far down?" Grunt asked.

"Deeper than the well," Walter answered.

"Is it awful down there?"

"My grandpa Swineson says they scrub you with wire brushes night and day. They make you take baths in s-o-a-p. You stay pink forever!"

"Gosh!" Sweetpig shivered. She moved closer to Walter. "Really, Walter?"

"Really," Walter said.

"And I didn't tell you the worst part." Walter looked about carefully. "Down there," he whispered, "is where Mr. Bertolucci the butcher lives!"

"Ohhh!" gasped Grunt.

Sweetpig held tightly to her brother.

The three little pigs looked about quickly. A cold gust of wind blew across their faces and they shivered in the noonday mud.

"BOO!" boomed a deep voice.

"YEOW!" screamed the little pigs.

They rolled out of the hole and scooted into the barn. They hid beneath a pile of old clothes.

"We thought you were Mr. Bertolucci the butcher!" said Walter.

Booble grew pale.

"Hush your little piggy faces!" he said. "Don't ever mention that name again! Don't even think it!" He glanced about nervously.

"This is Walter's mud hole," Grunt said.

"You mean . . . *was* Walter's mud hole," said Booble. "Now it's MY mud hole because I'M sitting in it!"

"Well you can just STOP sitting in it!" Sweetpig shouted. "Or someday you'll go to the place that's deeper than the well and be pink forever!"

"Somebody should wash your mouth out with s-o-a-p," said Booble.

Boobie relaxed in the warm mud. He smiled a mighty big smile, burped a mighty big burp and drifted off to sleep.

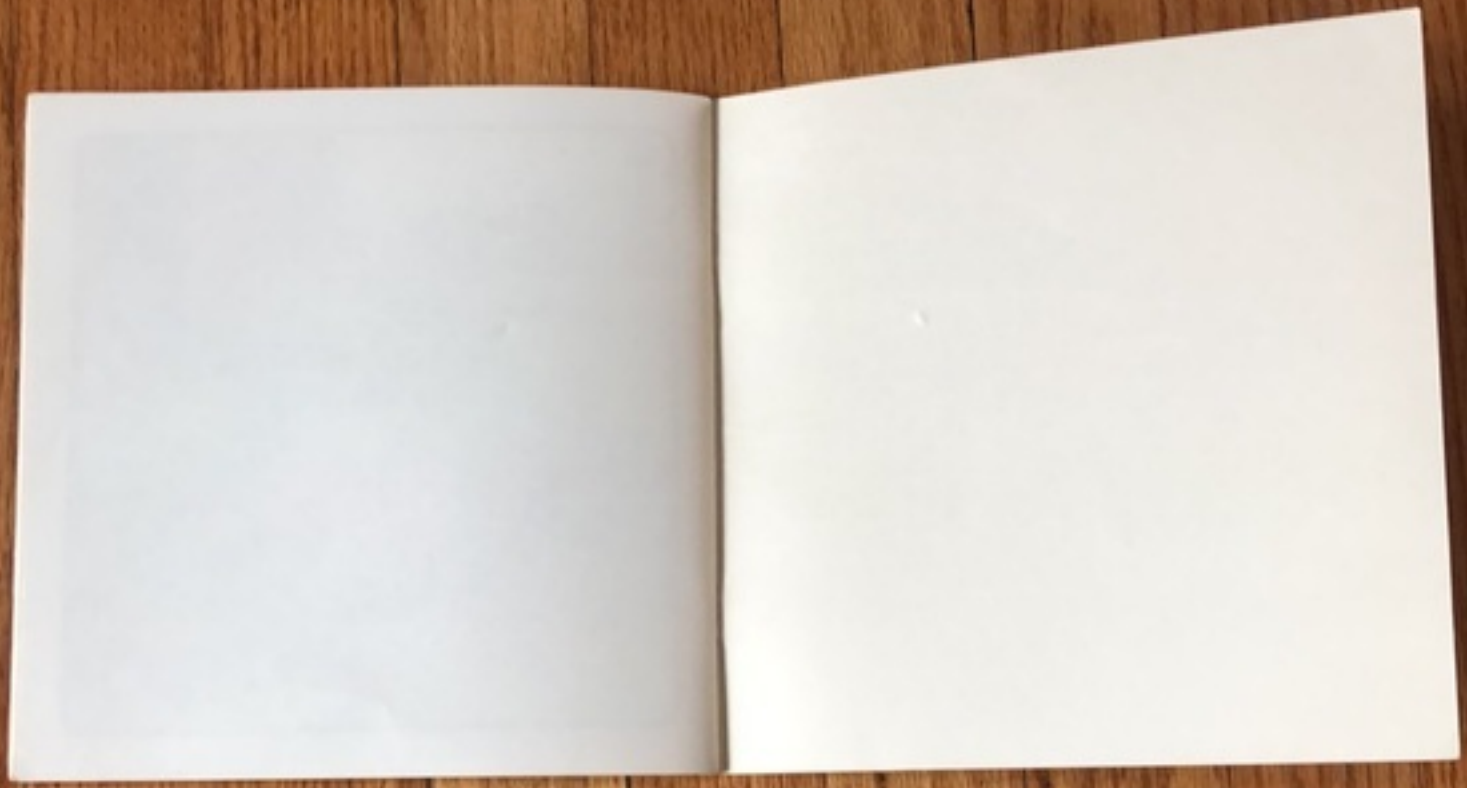
The little pigs laughed and laughed.

The old coat slid to the ground. Sweetpig tossed the tattered hat into the air and climbed down from Walter's shoulders. Walter jumped from Grunt's shoulders and ran to the edge of the mud hole.

"Mud baths for everyone!" Walter shouted.

The three friends jumped into the mud hole.

And, for the rest of the day, they sat right in the muddy middle, where the sun shone the brightest on their little piggy faces.



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